

The Tragedy of Hamlet

This was your husband : look you now what follows,
 Here is your husband, like a mildew'd eare,
 Blasting his wholsome brother : have you eyes ?
 Could you on this faire mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moore ? ha ! have you eyes ?
 You cannot call it love, for at your age
 The heyday in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgement ; and what judgement
 Would step from this to this ? sense sure you have,
 Else could you not have motion, but sure that sense
 Is apoplext, for madnesse would not erre,
 Nor sense to extasie was ne'er so thrall'd,
 But it reserv'd some quantity of choice
 To serve in such a difference : What divell was't
 That thus hath couzen'd you at hodman-blind ?
 Eies without feeling, feeling without sight,
 Eares without hands, or eyes, smelling fans all,
 Or but a sickly part of one true sense
 Could not so mope. Oh shame ! where is thy blush ?
 Rebellious hell,
 If thou canst mutine in a Matrons bones
 To flaming youth, let vertue be as waxe
 And melt in her owne fire, proclaime no shame
 When the compulsive ardure gives the charge,
 Since frost it selfe as actively doth burne,
 And reason pardons will.

Ger. O Hamlet speake no more,
 Thou turn'st my very eyes into my soule,
 And there I see such blacke and grieved spots
 As will leave there their tinct.

Ham. Nay but to live
 In the ranke sweate of an incestuous bed,
 Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
 Over the nasty stye.

Ger. O speake to me no more,
 These words like daggers enter in mine eares,
 No more sweet Hamlet.

Ham. A murderer and a villaine,

A slave

Prince of Denmark

A slave that is not twentieth part
 Of your precedent Lord, a vice
 A Cut-purse of the Empire and
 That from a shelve the precious
 And put it in his pocket.

Ham. A King of shreds and
 Save me and hover ore me with
 You heavenly guards : what wilt

Ger. Alasse hee's mad.

Ham. Doe you not come y
 That lap't in time, and passion
 Th'important acting of your d

Ghost. Doe not forget : this
 Is but to whet thy almost blun
 But looke, amazement on thy
 O step betweene her and her f
 Conceit in weakest bodies fr
 Speake to her Hamlet.

Ham. How is it with you L

Ger. Alasse how is't with y
 That you doe bend your eye o
 And with th'incorporall aire d
 Forth at your eyes your spirits
 And as the sleeping Souldiers
 Your beaded haire like life in
 Starts up and stands an end :
 Upon the heat and flame of th
 Sprinkle coole patience : whe

Ham. On him, on him, look y
 His forme and cause conjoin'd,
 Would make them capable ;
 Left with this piteous action
 My sterne effects ; then what
 Will want true colour, teares

Ger. To whom doe you spe

Ham. Doe you see nothing

Ger. Nothing at all, yet all

Ham. Nor did you nothing